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### The Kaimin, March 1903

Students of the University of Montana

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# THE KAIMIN

## THE KAIMIN

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## Editorials

An excellent series of articles on the subject of Making a Choice of a Profession has been running in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for the last three months. The advantages, disadvantages, temptations and difficulties presented by the several professions are discussed. Many students do not make a choice of a profession or of life's vocation prior to graduation. It is well to consider the matter thoroughly before deciding such an important question, because on it hinges the success or failure in after life, but the choice should be made as soon as possible in order that one may shape his college course accordingly. It may be of interest to the young men of the University to peruse these articles to familiarize themselves with what they must expect when they enter a profession. The choice of a profession should be based upon a thorough understanding of the prospects that will offer to the average man upon entering any particular profession. The first one of these articles appeared in the January number, and the special profession treated of was Law. The February number treated of the Medical Profession, and the March number of the Insurance business.

Taking into consideration the number of those who were on the program of the Dedication Exercises that failed to appear, it can be safely said they were a complete success. It is to be regretted that Governor Toole could not have been with us, but matters entirely beyond his control, prevented him from being present. It is also

a matter of regret that members of the Legislature could not be present, for that would have added materially to the interest of the occasion. While the citizens of Missoula would have been glad to have visitors from the various sections of the state, and would have extended them a cordial welcome, yet we did not allow their failure to attend in any way to mar the success of the exercises. Missoula takes too much pride in her state institution, and has too much talent among her own inhabitants to permit disappointment of outside assistance to seriously interfere with the exercises. Hon. John M. Evans, whom the University honors, and who honored the University by his presence, ably supplied the place Governor Toole was to have taken.

On behalf of the University Authorities, Faculty and Students, the Kaimin wishes to supplement what has already been said, and thank the Building Commission that has had charge of the construction of the new buildings for their faithful performance of duty, and to express our appreciation for their valuable services rendered the state. The members of this body served without any pecuniary compensation whatever, and they certainly are entitled to all the honor there may be attached to such an office. We are surely to be congratulated upon the successful termination of this new undertaking. The buildings are a credit to the Architect who planned them, the Building Commission who superintended their construction, the State for which they were erected, and the University which will derive the benefit from them. We acknowledge we are under a debt of gratitude to the Honorable Members of the Building Commission for the services rendered. We are of the opinion that the Woman's Dormitory and Gymnasium buildings could not be duplicated in any state in the west for the amount of money expended in their construction, let alone in Montana where labor, lumber and other building material are so high.

Misfortune seems to have followed the basket ball girls in their recent tour of the state. While the score in each of the two games played was close, yet the scores in favor of the opposing teams were sufficient to prevent victory from perching upon our banners. It is probable our girls would have made a better showing on the home grounds. The tiresome journey, loss of rest, new grounds, and strange surroundings, all militated against the varsity team and made it doubly difficult for them to win. They had many obstacles to overcome. Every thing taken into consideration they made a good showing. We are proud of them. While they did not return more than conquerors, they have demonstrated we have a team we can rely upon to do their best even when defeat stares them in the face.



We have entered upon the closing semester of another year. It will not be long now before preparation for commencement exercises will be order of the day. Already members of the graduating class are beginning to assume importance, and ere long they will not be inconspicuous on account of cap and gown. They will be looked upon with envy by the under classman who longs for the time when he, too, will be so nearly through, and by the senior himself with feelings of regret that the time of leaving the dear old college halls, and parting with his alma mater is so nearly at hand.

We notice some new faces among our number since the beginning of the second semester. To all such we extend a cordial welcome, and bespeak for you pleasant associations with our college, and student body.

Nothing but expressions of delight and surprise were heard on the part of those who took occasion to inspect the new buildings on dedication day. Especially were the visitors loud in their praise of the new dormitory. Each and every one of them were unstinted in their praise of those who had charge of the construction for the elegant manner in which the building is furnished and otherwise equipped. The building would be a credit to any institution in the land.

## Literary Department

### THE LEGEND OF NGAHUE.

(By Leonard Northcroft.)

There are some people who say that the North Island of New Zealand was the portion first visited by man. They go further and give you the names of the great canoes—Arawa, Takitimu, Tainui and others—in which the Maori toilers came to different parts of the North Island chiefly on the East coast, near Turanganui, and Makitu and Matawhero and Tauranga. It is true these canoes came to Turanga and the places I have named, but the foot which was first set on Te Aotea Roa, N. Z., the long white cloud, was placed there long before the men on the Arawa stepped ashore near Turanga. The learned amongst the Pakeha (the white man) talk of what they call migrations of Malays, and some say a canoe was driven far into the great sea of Koro and was carried by the wind to Te Aotea Roa and the people on the canoe were the first Maories. Those who say this know nothing. The first man who set foot on the island was the great Chief Ngahue and it happened in this way: Ngahue, who was a chief of Hawaiki, had a wife named Katira, who was of a very jealous and vengeful nature. Like other great chiefs, Ngahue had more than one wife and the one he liked best was a young girl named Namata, as beautiful as the morning when the sun bathes with its golden light the eastern sides of Rangitoto and all the earth dances with joy and gladness. Now Katira often complained to Ngahue that he neglected her for Namata, but what would you expect of a great

chief like Ngahue who had many wives and who would naturally like the one who was most beautiful and who had the most amiable disposition. Besides, Katira he had married when quite a youth; she was given to him by an arrangement amongst the leading Arikas of the two hapus, (subdivision of the tribe), to which the two belonged so as to do away with all blood feuds and to cement their alliances, whilst Namata was the girl he had chosen for himself. She was not of such high birth as Katira, but Ngahue had often seen her when she was with the other maidens of the tribe; she was as graceful as the makomako in its flight, and her laughter as bright and pleasant as the sun-tipped wavelets that beat on the white beaches of wairou moana (sea). So Ngahue's heart was filled with love for her and he took her to be his wife, and so strong was the tenderness with which she filled him that he neglected his other wives for her, and they all became jealous, especially Katira, who complained to the Arikas of Ngahue's coldness. But what could these chiefs do? It is no light matter to tell a great chief like Ngahue, whose voice was first in the councils of his people and whose arm was always foremost in battle, that he must not give cause of anger to Katira's people, but at length they did so and still he gave no heed. And then Katira went to her Uncle Kapua. Now Kapua, besides being an influential chief of the Ngati Mamoe was also a great wizard. He could make the storms arise when his enemies were fishing in their canoes, and he also controlled many of the spirits of the earth, so they were frightened and did his bidding. So when Katira went again and again to him his heart became hot with anger and he determined that Ngahue should be punished for slighting his family. And yet, although so powerful it was necessary to act with caution, for Ngahue had many friends who would fight for him, so an attack was not to be thought of and he decided to deal with him by craft.

One morning as the great sun was tipping the highest peaks of the Kaimanawa mountains, Namata went down to the spring as was her custom to get a calabash of water for herself and her lord to drink from, because the water from this spring was always sweet—and purer if taken when the sun's light was on the hills, but had not reached the valley. And having filled the calabash and placed it under a koromiko (veronica), bush—for there is great virtue in water over which the flowers of the fragrant koromiko waves—she went to the pool below to swim, for such also was her custom. And when she had swam on the surface of the pool and dived to the great depths where the pepiran (lamprey) like to hide, she came again to the land. Before putting on the mat with which she was covered she gazed at herself in the water to see if she was still as beautiful as when Ngahue first took her to be his wife. And as she looked her heart was filled with a great longing that she might so increase in beauty and charm as to fill the whole heart of her husband with such love for her as to forget everything else and so they would grow into one another's being until when both went into the abode of the spirits it should not be as if Ngahue and Namata went together, but Ngahue and Namata would become one spirit, each a portion of the other for all time.

Now this was very wicked of Namata, for if Ngahue forget everything but her he would neglect his duty to his tribe and the great gifts which had been bestowed on him



would be thrown away. And the great Atua (a diety), of the tribe looked into the heart of the girl and saw what was there and his face became black with anger and he determined that she should be punished and that Ngahue should be punished because of her, for had she not caused him to create dissention in the tribe, and if they were divided amongst themselves would not their enemies come upon them and kill their men and take their women and children into slavery?

So the Atua caused Ta Tiki one of his spirits to go to the girl and say to her that if she went a little way with him he would cause her to be beautiful for ever and thus the heart of her husband would be hers for all time and thus when the great death came they should not be divided, but become one.

And the maiden went, thinking no wrong, and when they had gone a little distance Ta Tiki changed himself into a great bird and told her to sit on its back.

Now Namata was soon afraid and doubted the spirit refusing to go. But he opened his great mouth and threatened to destroy and eat her if she would not do as told. And she thus constrained, though having a great fear in her heart, sat on his back whilst the spirit rose in the air above Ngahue's where (a dwelling). And as she saw it she gave a great cry to Ngahue, who rushed to the entrance of his house and there he saw his best beloved being carried away by a great strange bird over the sea towards some rocky islets.

Calling with a loud voice he rushed towards the beach speaking to her and she answered him, but the bird flew quickly and soon her cries were but as the soft wail among the tree tops, when the wind from Mana-roa, the greatest of the hills on the Kaimanawa, is dying away in the evening.

Ngahue thought he saw the bird flying on a high cliff on the rocky isle of Te Ngutu, so he hastily got his canoe ready and putting some water and cooked fish and kumeras (sweet potatoes) in it, lest he should be delayed by contrary winds he paddled toward Ta Ngutu.

Now the Atua had put into the head of Kapua, Katira's uncle, what he intended doing and when he saw Ngahue paddling after Namata he called the spirits of the air and bade them blow a strong wind which should drive the canoe far away from land. And this was done. And when the canoe was almost out of sight of land, and lest Ngahue should return in the night, he sent a great sea monster named Pontini to follow the canoe, with power to make storms and drive Ngahue further away for a long time, so that he should be punished by dying of thirst and hunger or that he should be kept away so long that he would forget Namata and return to the arms of Katira and by this means the slight he had put upon her relations would be taken away.

For many moons would Ngahue paddle in his efforts to get back to his home at Hawaiki so that he might rescue Namata from Ta Tiki at Ta Ngutu, and everytime would the Pontini cause more storms to come. And often was Ngahue dark and troubled in his heart and called to Namata's spirit to join his so that they might go to the spirit land together. And often was he hungry and his lips cracked because there was no water excepting what little fell into the bottom of the canoe. And then he would catch

a few fish which he would eat without fire, because no fire was with him, having nothing to make it. And when he looked over the side of the canoe there was the great green fins and scales of the monster Pontini, which bit at him with his teeth and made as though it would eat him.

And now Ngahue had come to the great sickness of death wherein a man seeks not for life but rather that he might then go to the great spirits of his fathers, for had not all that he possessed been taken from him and now he was but as a mere speck on the great sea of Kana (S. Pacific) and when his hands had lost all their strength would not its waves overturn his canoe and he would be eaten by the Pontini and of Ngahue and his deeds nothing would be remembered excepting what lingered in the minds of the people.

And as his heart was thus filled with sorrow and he was sick unto the death he cast his eyes towards the morning sun, and as he looked he beheld a great white figure as if it were the Atua of all the tribes, and as he again looked it seemed to beckon towards him and he thought in his heart that this was the summons from the greatest of all the Atuas and that he would go and be lost in it and all his sorrows and pains would then be over. When he paddled toward it his heart was lifted up for the winds were no longer against him but sent him on to the great white shape which constantly changed its appearance but ever beckoned to him.

As he more closely approached he saw it was the great mountain Aorangi (Mt. Cook), with the clouds around it like a garment and what seemed a hand, not now beckoning, but pointing towards the north, whither the wind was also now taking him, and as he passed along the coast he saw all the outlines of Te Totea Roa, which was the name afterwards given to the whole of the land.

For five suns he paddled along the coast with the wind still behind him and the Pontini closely watching him waiting for an opportunity to seize him in its jaws. But his heart was now light and he did not fear the monster for his own spirit had whispered to his heart that his days of suffering and sorrow would soon be over and he would return to his own land with greater Mana (influence) than before. On the fifth sun, as he looked ahead all was very dark and threatening, and looking behind Aorangi was also covered with the rain clouds, but on the right hand, towards the morning sun the great mountain Te Tara O Tama glistened as the sun's lights raced each other up its icy peaks and made its sides shine with the face of the new born day. From this he knew that it was ordered for him to land at this spot, so he set foot on Te Aotea Roa at the mouth of the Arahura river, and then it was that the foot of man was first placed on the land fished up by Mani in the great sea of Kano.

After landing Ngahue walked all day along the banks of the Arahura towards Te Tara O' Tama until when the sun was in the western sky he came to a deep pool into which the water came dashing in white foam from a high cliff. He climbed this cliff still keeping the snows of Te Tara O' Tama in sight and when he got to the top he found the Pontini, which was still pursuing him, could not ascend the waterfall. Now this Pontini was a fish and finding it could not ascend further than the pool because of the waterfall, made an attempt to go by land, but this



it could not do because of the want of water to breathe, and on seeing this Ngahue hastened down and seizing a sharp stone by the side of the pool attacked the monster and fought with it for some time till it was dead and then he threw it into the pool.

Although Ngahue was faint and weary he rejoiced greatly because by the destruction of the Pontini he had triumphed over the evil spirits which had set to destroy him and against those enemies which wished him harm. He drank from the water of the pool and snared some birds which he ate and having feasted slept. When he awoke the next day the sun was shining in the pool and he saw the body of the Pontini which moved not, proving it to be dead. He then examined the stone with which he had slain it and found it was green in color and very hard. He named the stone Te Kapa and determined to form it into a fighting mere (battle axe) because it was greatly superior to the stone from which his people made their weapons and implements. He then examined the Pontini, which had been turned into stone by the waters of the pool, which is named Pounamu.

He took some of the scales of the Pontini to make knives, and collected some of the stones around the pool to take back to his people for now he was assured he could return in safety. Arriving at the mouth of the Arahura river, he stored his canoe with food and water and making a sail by planting the karakeke (N. Z. flax), he sailed for two moons until he came again to Te Ngutu on the shores of Hamaiki. Before landing at his own place he searched for Namata and found her in a great cave where Ta Tiki had kept her all the time by powerful incantations for so he had been told by the Atua. And when Ngahu entered the cave the spell was broken and Namata came forth, more beautiful than ever and wept over her lord and husband who had been dead to her for so many moons, for her punishment was that the spirits should always whisper in her ear that her selfishness had caused the Pontini to destroy Ngahue.

And so Ngahue and Namata came again to Hawaiki and there was great rejoicing among the people who had thought them lost. And when Ngahue showed them Te Kapa and the stone he had brought from the pool Pounamu, they shouted with joy for now they would be superior to all their enemies. And Ngahue's Mana increased among all the tribes and it was decided that with the stones of the Pounamu axes should be made with which to build canoes to go to Te Aotea Roa and to the sacred river Arahura and to the green pool whose waters turn every substance into the hard green stone.

And Ngahu and Namata went with the great canoe Arawa which landed at Turangamu and there they built their kainga and there were many birds and fish. And Namata kept her great beauty all her life and their children and children's children unto all generations were great chiefs and the wives of great chiefs for all time. And when Ngahue went to the great Atua of all the tribes, Namata went with him and their bodies were taken to the great hill of the sacred fire, even unto Ngaruhoe and there they became one until there was no longer the spirit of Ngahu, nor the spirit of Namata, but they were both one spirit for all time and became among the Atuas of their people.

## FALSTAFF.

Falstaff is the most substantial wit Shakespeare has presented to the world of mirth, and the most individual. When one once becomes acquainted with this portly person he is not soon forgotten. Touchstones, Dromios and Castards play their part and leave the stage. There are, it is true, gradations of wit from refined humor to stupidity. (That sounds like a paradox, but the Dromios are rather stupid wits.) But they can be put into categories and labelled this or that sort. Faunce may be excepted for the dog is the master's distinguishing mark. But when the "tun of man" heaves into view, he looks upon the world with such wicked but harmless eyes; he shows such signs of jollity and good living; he is such a part of the world that the world cannot part with him. There is always a standing invitation to take sack and capon at the Boar's Head Tavern. If the guests' purses are afflicted with that terrible disease "consumption," it seems no great sin to say with Falstaff: "Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum." But Falstaff has no reason to wish that, for how many times he has beaten it—and Mistress Inickly is such a kind, motherly soul, or to speak more properly, Falstaff is such an irresistible old soul, that he could wheedle her out of house and home.

Shakespeare's other characters are more or less ethereal. When Touchstone speaks it is more as a voice, that, when it is silent, we look on empty space, but who can think of Falstaff vanishing in such a mysterious manner? His very portliness is a safeguard against such a possibility. It is the fact that he stands forth "three fingers on the ribs," that he occupies such an important position among all wits, for "his jokes come to us with double relish and force from the quantity of flesh thru which they make their way, as he shakes his sides with laughter, or lards the lean earth as he walks along."

As the prince says, Falstaff is a "reverend vice, a gray iniquity, a father ruffian, a vanity in years," and yet his immorality is not shocking, he feels no shame whatever and turns remonstrance into a joke: "Thou knowest that in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff in the days of villiany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty."

Again: Chief Justice: Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Falstaff: He that buckles him in my belt can live in no less.

He does not once show any manliness or real feeling, but lives in a world of sack, capon, and laughter. He so seldom tells the truth that it is difficult to decide when there is any truth in what he says of himself.

Falstaff is "not only witty himself, but the cause that wit is in other men," as he says of himself: "The brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented in me." Whatever company Falstaff is in is a merry one. When "Lean Jack" appears it is the signal for jollification.

One of his most characteristics is his delight in prevarication. There is no deceit in him, for he takes it for granted every one knows his reputation, and will judge



him accordingly. There would be no pleasure in it for him if he thoroughly deceived any one lastingly, for then they could not know and appreciate his cleverness. His delight is not so much in the success of his lie, as in being able to invent it. It makes no difference if his audience knows how bare the lie is; the greater it is the more enjoyment he gets from it. Indeed he cares very little for what he says: eleven buckram men grow out of two as quickly as one can say "Jack Robinson;" the night is so dark one cannot see his hand before his face, yet is he set upon by "three knaves in Kendal Green." He is eight times thrust thru the hose, his buckles run thru and thru, his sword hacked like a hand-saw, yet if the truth were known he had run away and roared for mercy. He pretends to have killed Hotspur when Prince John had done the deed:

Prince: Why, Percy I killed myself and ~~saw~~ him dead.

Falstaff: Didst thou? Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by shrewsbury clock. I'll take it upon my death. I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive and would deny it, zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

When he is caught by the Prince and Poins with Mistress Nickly and Doll Tearsheet he is accused by the Prince of having abused the latter:

Fal: No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor, no abuse.

Prince: Not to dispraise me, and call me panther and bread chipper and I know not what?

Fal: No abuse, Hal.

Poins: No abuse?

Fal: No, abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked that the wicket might not fall in love with him, in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend, and true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

His lies are "like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

Falstaff's pretended innocence and reform is very amusing. He fully understands what an old sinner he is, and one can imagine how silent laughter is tickling his fat sides when he says:

"Thou hast done much harm to me Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, a little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord, and if I do not, I am a villian."

How much earnestness there is in this is shown by the following in which the Prince catches him in a trap, or more truthy. Falstaff falls knowingly into it, illustrating again that he does not care for what he says:

Prince: Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

Fal: Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; and I do not call me a villian and baffle me.

Prince: I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse taking.

And again Falstaff makes use of the net that snares him: "Why, Hal, 'tis my vacation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vacation".

This may also illustrate what one has said of him,

that the central principle of his life is that facts and laws may be set at defiance, if only wit be called upon to supply whatever deficiencies be found in character and conduct.

As has been said, Falstaff is the reason wit is in his companions, but as for him, he needs no other sharpener of his wit than himself. "His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent and the richness of the soil."

Prince: Lie down \* \* \* and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.

Fal: Have you any lever to lift me up being down?

Fal: Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old.

Perhaps he sometimes even exaggerates his weaknesses as in the case of the bill found in his pocket. To hear him talk one would think he lived at his table, always carving capon and drinking sack, yet he is never found there.

He is so full of satisfaction with life and himself. If ever any feeling of resentment arises, it does not last long, but is as short lived as he is short winded. His good nature forbids anything but god fellowship.

The scene between Falstaff and the prince, where the former takes the part of the king, and gets in a good recommendation for himself; the scene on the battlefield when he pulls out a bottle of sack, showing he never loses his self possession, and cares nothing for glory attended with danger; the scene of his catechism on honor, are cited as the most characteristic of Falstaff, and the last mentioned is noted. I do not think this one should be omitted: His tirade against security, and telling his reasons upon compulsion.

One critic has said that Falstaff is hardly less complex than Hamlet, and hardly less wonderful. "He is a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute in constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality; a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor. This is a character which could not have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mixed upon any recipe whatever."

"Oh, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest will do for a man that never had an ache in his shoulders."

L. F. J.

#### A HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT.

Large oak trees cast monster, flickering shadows as they intersected the rays of the cold autumn moon, and were swayed musically to and fro by the night wind. Enveloped first in one shadow and then in another, each time to emerge with cheerful clatter, a wagon drawn by small mountain mules, and containing a sturdy native of the Carolina hills, might have been seen, shortly after the camp meeting had broken up, on its stony way from market to the little upland plantation of Thomas Flynn.



Tommy's thoughts must have been pleasant for he suddenly broke into joyous song:

"All I want in this creation,  
Is a pretty little wife and a big plantation."

He believed he had the one and hoped sometime to have the other. So glad was his voice the wood rang and the neighboring cliffs gave back a merry response.

And why should this rustic gentleman's spirits be so buoyant? To be sure, 'twas a happy evening. The very screech-owl was less plaintive than usual. Nature always affects the moods of an Irishman, and now her charms were especially irresistible to this descendant of the jolly Flynn-landers, for sweet potatoes were worth a dollar a bushel, and chesnuts and gensing root brought higher prices in Spartanburg, only about seveney-five miles distant, than had been paid for years. He glanced admiringly at the small copper-toed shoes he had bought for his little Tommy and gazed with much satisfaction at the eight yards of red calico he had purchased for Mandy, at three cents per yard, thinking how delighted and proud his family would be. Life was just then very sweet to Thomas.

And the course of events was fatal to make it even more precious before the dawning. For so slowly as not to be immediately noticed by the happy wagoner, a crimson veil began to creep over the face of the moon; tinging the leaves of overhanging branches with a soft, effervescent glow as they dangled and danced to the wind's breathings. A sudden jolt of the wagon brought Thomas out of his domestic dreams, and he looked about him. Mystified by the peculiar tints reflected in all directions, he stared upward until his attention was caught and fastened in superstitious awe by the sight he beheld.

Indeed it was a wonderful phenomenon. Around a blood-red moon was a purplish circle that seemed lurid and sulphurous to the young husband having a buxom wife to protect, a flavoring of brimstone to the father of a five-years-old crippled boy, who strongly "favored his Paw," and whom he was to rear in fearful dread of God and "signs." With awful distinctiveness he recalled what Preacher Hogan said about the approaching destruction of the world—when the stars would fall from the heavens and the moon turn to boold. While his petrified gaze was still riveted upward, a single star started from its place and sank with increasing momentum into silence beyond the horizon; then another and another followed.

"God help and preserve us." And his long blacksnake whip curled and writhed and screamed above his head, each seething whirl being followed by a loud report, accompanied by plentiful handfuls of hair from off the mules' backs.

A few minutes laetr a very exhausted team drew up in front of the little log-cabin where Mandy was singing cheerfully as she stepped briskly back and forth to the whir of her busy spinning wheel. Lame Tommy sat crooning to himself while staring vacantly into a hard-wood fire which leapt and crackled in a large open fireplace. Happiness and contentment were here.

But how fleeting the joy-fallacies of life! The housewife's contented musings are unceremoniously interrupted; through the doorway dashed a pale, excited man, and, in this disordered apparition, she discovers signs that

positively identify it with her once patient, long-suffering husband. Yes, there were the trousers and coat she wove, cut and made, and the red and white socks she took so much pride in were bravely disporting beneath the shrunken trouser legs.

Further identification was ended by the actions of the newcomer, who staggered to the center of the room, and with a heartrendering cry, dropped to his knees, his long arms gesticulating wildly above his head.

Mandy was becoming alarmed. Of course he often came home much that way, except that, on such occasions he always hung on to his jug. She ran wildly into the yard to see if it had been accidentally broken. No, it was not to be seen.

Now thoroughly frightened, she hurled herself with loving dependence upon his manly bosom. Such was the force of the collision, Thomas was born struggling to the floor where the fond wife held him in close embrace until he was so far recovered as to essay an explanation.

"Hit's come, Mandy, hit's come! Listen for the horn, Mandy. The moon's done turned to blood. Uncle Lige orter be yere. Devil'll git us fore daylight—beat that storeman five cents on the calico. Listen fer the horn, Mandy!"

By this time Mandy's sister Harriet, aroused by the uproar, came out of her sleeping corner to ask if anything had happened to Davy Butler, who had been sparking her lately. Seeing no confirmation of her fears, she set about in a practical way to discover and, if possible, remove the cause of her relatives' insanity. Neither was little Tommy yet frightened out of his customary lethargy, but sat meditatively chewing an extremely dirty thumb.

"Tommy, honey, did you know you'se going' to heaven and see little sister," sobbed Mandy, after sufficiently subduing her husband to risk a waste of breath. She wished to die trustingly in his arms but she was having great difficulty doing so.

"Oh, shet up, Mandy," said her impatient old man. "We're all mis'ble sinners. I kin see the devil now! It's turned to blood—go for Uncle Lige."

Harriet went for Uncle Lige. Thomas howled, and groaned and prayed. The cripple stretched forth yearning arms, insisting that he saw his little dead sister all dressed in white her face clean and bright, surrounded by angels singing and playing accordeons.

A perfect pandemonium there was until Harriet returned, leading a gray-haired, reverend old man. On his face were traces of emotion, tho' he appeared peaceful and confident.

"Let us pray to the good Lord who giveth and taketh away."

Instantly there was quiet in the room except for the cripple's feeble handclapping. The prayer was long and tearful. The pleaders were gradually soothed. Good old Uncle Lige represented to the Lord how inconvenient it would be for all concerned that the end should then come. He told Him how sinful, how unprepared were all, and how, if another chance were granted, they would never sin any more, ending by entreating piteously for mercy.

But what can terrify the imagination of the matter-in-fact? Harriet was nothing impressed. During the long period of prayer, she wondered if the almanac couldn't



throw light upon the fearful passage about the moon, in the Bible, but she feared to blaspheme. However, woman's insatiate curiosity overcame all scruples. The almanac was produced from its shrine in one side of the fire-place and after much searching, it revealed the information that on this particular night the moon would be in eclipse. This news she triumphantly reported to the incredulous group.

Just to show how sinful and worldly he was, Thomas went trembling to view again the awful wonder in the ship.

Some little time elapsed before he looked into the house to say sheepishly he "loed them mules hed better be put up out of the cold, an' fed, fer they has to work like blazes tomorrer."

The old man raised his eyes piously. "Ask and ye shall receive," he said. "Let us pray."

—R. L.

#### A PICTURE.

She stood in the doorway gazing out, a sunbeam played upon the dark head held erect in jaunty disdain of her surroundings, and not a sign of pity for the poor wretch on the lower step whom she had so recently deserted.

There he stood a truly disconsolate figure, his head resting on his breast and an air of hopelessness that would have touched most hearts. He would fight for her, he would die for her; but he must prove those vain words before she would again see him.

He understood. He had seen her day after day with others as fair as herself, but she with her bright eyes, her pretty form, her dainty movements, she was all in all to him. And now, she had seen another whom she cared for more than for himself.

Oh! how he hated the young fellow, his winning manners, his conceit, and his desire for her favor. Slowly he turned from the doorway a dark resolve creeping into his mind. His rival or he must die; things could go on no longer as they were.

The even' twilight came soft and gray. He wandered up and down moodily thinking of his beloved and that she and his rival were now together. Oh, how this passion would rise and clutch his throat and dim his eyes in hatred, despair, love—all the passions jumbled into one.

At last in a horrible moment he turned and saw them coming side by side. How could he endure it longer? He hid himself near the tiny lake and watched them coming nearer and nearer. For a moment he was in doubt—then his reason left him. He saw his hated rival close—so close to her he loved. He forgot all; rushed toward them and fell upon the hated creature by her side. Hot waged the struggle. At last, suddenly his rival fell to the ground, dead. With eyes filled with hatred he gazed upon his work then his eyes sought hers. Of a sudden he realized what he had done; with a cry of fright he rushed toward the lake. What could he do? Would she ever love him again? Could she ever forgive him? Perhaps, perhaps. He turned and saw her beside the body. She was very quiet, with a dreadful calm. It was a sorrow too deep for tears.

He rushed towards the lake and with one cry of love

and longing for her he was leaving, flung himself in.

The morning broke cool and beautiful. Who would have supposed so dark a crime could have been committed upon earth.

A child passing the spot so lately fraught with horror turned toward his mother with a cry.

"Oh! Mamma look! look, see this pretty little hen and the dead rooster; do you suppose she's sorry? And look in this tub, this old crazy rooster is all wet and dead. I suppose he fell in while he was drinking." And they passed on little dreaming of the horrors that had taken place on the quiet spot.

X.

## Athletic Notes

### TWO GAMES OF BASKETBALL.

On Tuesday, Feb. 24th, the University girls' basketball team started out upon the most extended trip they have yet taken, being absent the entire week.

Though defeat perched upon their banner in both games which they played, there is no cause for discouragement or complaint, for it must be remembered that while our girls have practically had no ground upon which to play since snow fell last fall, the other teams of the state have had good grounds, and opportunity for constant hard practice throughout the entire winter.

Our team this year, in spite of the tremendous disadvantage under which they have had to labor, have always put up a good, fast, plucky game, and they deserve great credit for the manner in which, with their small amount of practice, they have held the various scores down, in the face of experienced and skillful opponents.

It is probable that no more intensely exciting games have ever been witnessed in Montana, than those played at Butte and Bozeman, on Feb. 24th and 27th, respectively. Many times it seemed as if the audiences could scarcely be restrained from rushing out upon the floor, in wild enthusiasm, and participating in the game themselves.

#### AT BUTTE.

The game with the Butte Parochial girls was fast and "snappy" from the start. Just ten seconds after the toss-up, Miss Mirieles landed the ball in the basket for the University, causing a shout of joy to go up from the Missoula rooters. Then both sides settled down to hard work, and the play became fast and furious. Every play, every inch of floor space was hotly contested. The floor was slippery as glass, and falls were constant, yet the game went on, almost without a pause, certainly without a dull moment.

First one side scored then the other. When time was finally called, at the end of the second half, the score stood as follows: Parochials, 18; University, 12.

Goals from the field—Dillon, 3; Baker, 3; O'Donnell, 2; Jones, 3; Rigby, 1; Mirieles, 1. Goals from free throw—Dillon, 1; Baker, 1; Jones, 1; Rigby, 1. Missed—Jones, 3; Baker, 1. Fouls—Parochial, 5; University, 3.

For the Parochials, Miss Dillon, Mabel Baker and Stel-



la O'Donnell were the star players. Miss Baker particularly, was a marvel in basket-throwing, in which work, however, she was closely rivalled by Miss Dillon.

For the 'varsity Miss Mabel Jones threw the most baskets, while Miss Rigby was a close second in the same work. The fast, clean, tireless game put up by Miss Rigby, was a revelation to all present, and elicited much deserved admiration and applause from the audience, together with many complimentary remarks from the Press the following day. The splendid guard-work by Maud Bryan, also attracted much notice and favorable comment. This was Miss Bryan's first game before the public, and if she continues at the present rate she will develop into one of the finest guards in the state.

The one disagreeable feature of the game, was the refereeing, which was very poor and unfair, either from partiality or lack of ability on the part of the referee. In fact there is little doubt that this caused the 'varsity girls to lose the game, for their playing was plainly superior to that of their opponents. To quote from the Butte Miner:

"Mr. C. W. Robinson, of Dillon, did not seem to show the same clear perception of the plays as in his umpiring of the game between the Parochials and the Indian maidens. In the game last night he missed several fouls made by the Parochials which might have materially altered the score. It is a difficult matter for one man to see all fouls, and that part of his umpiring might well be overlooked, but in the outside balls he did not follow the rule under which the game should have been played. When the ball goes outside of the line, the rule used gives it to the side first touching it. In almost all of his rulings last night Mr. Robison tossed the ball instead of giving to the side first touching it. In this the 'varsity girls were at a decided disadvantage for in that work they were particularly clever."

The referee made no attempt whatever to restrain the audience from shouting and making noise to "rattle" our girls when throwing from the foul line, and finally, after Miss Jones had "missed" three foul throws because of it, Mr. Adams, the Coach for the Parochials, took upon himself the responsibility of doing that which it was the duty of the referee to do long before—asking the audience to be quiet or forfeit the game to the visiting team.

One of the very pleasant features of the stay of our team in Butte, was the considerate, courteous and gentlemanly manner in which Coach W. J. Adams treated them. They were entertained at one of the best hotels in the city, and Mr. Adams made it a point to visit them several times each day to see that everything was done for their comfort, which could be done, even to ordering a special luncheon to be served for them before they left on the noon train Thursday. The treatment, together with seeing the various sights of Montana's great metropolis made their stay in Butte an enjoyable one.

#### AT BOZEMAN.

The game played between our girls and the Montana Agricultural College girls, was one which it would delight any lover of good basketball to see. The playing was clean and fast, the passing swift, the refereeing and umpiring perfect, and the teams were evenly matched.

The M. A. C. girls showed evidence of hard practice, and were in excellent condition.

The first basket was thrown by Miss Mirieles of the 'varsity five. From that time on it was a game of "nip and tug," "tit for tat." The ball would be rushed, first down toward one goal, then back toward the other. Every opening was taken advantage of, and false plays were at a minimum. At almost no time during the game was one side more than one point ahead of the other. If 'varsity took the lead, it would not be long until the college girls turned the tables upon them, and visa versa. In spite of the fierceness of the playing there were comparatively few fouls.

When the game was finished, the score showed the girls from Bozeman to be the victors, by a score of 10 to 9.

The score was as follows: Goal from field, Miss McPherson, 3; Miss Pease, 1; Miss Jones, 3; Miss Mirieles, 1. Goals from foul, Miss McPherson, 2; Miss Jones, 1.

Further points of the game are excellently summed up by one of the Bozeman papers, which we quote herewith:

"Two teams were evenly matched. The Missoula girls possibly had the advantage in offensive team play, but the Bozeman girls were strong in defensive work and again and again stopped the ball at the last and sent it spinning back to the other end. Miss Kiser, for Bozeman, easily outthrew her opponents and she gave the Missoula forwards and center poor picking for basket throw. Miss Morris was just as active, and blocked throw after throw. Miss Penwell did some of the quickest throwing and dodging for Bozeman.

Miss Pease was in every play, and Miss McPherson threw all the Bozeman score but two points, showing herself the safest thrower of the evening. The Bozeman girls were not the most aggressive in play, but rather in blocking plays and holding the ball than in placing themselves to receive the throws. But they lasted better, and played their hardest just at the end.

The University girls generalled their games better, but were unprepared for the fierce and persistent blocking of Bozeman. Had they not all been expert at dodging, they would have been beaten badly, at it was they were several times ahead.

In the first half the heavy work fell to the light members of the team, Miss Rigby and Miss Polleys, but they were equal to it. In the second half Miss Mirieles, Miss Hathaway and Miss Jones seemed to get into the play more effectively. It was in passing the ball from one to another down the field, and in dodging that the Missoula girls did their best. They missed a good many chances at goal, but the blocking around the basket was so spirited that there was good excuse for ill aimed work. In fact it seemed impossible that the ball should emerge from the crowd with any aim at all, but Miss Jones threw three very difficult goals in spite of all and would have saved the game but for her failures at the free throws.

But there was something doing every minute and it was easily the most exciting game yet seen in Bozeman. There was not a weak place on either team and the honors were well divided among all.

Under the able management of Miss M. A. Cantwell, the University girls were given an exceedingly enjoyable time, one of the delightful means to this end being a dainty noon luncheon served in College Hall under the auspices of the Domestic Science department. After luncheon a pleas-



ant hour was spent by the visitors in being shown through the various buildings and departments of the College.

In the evening, after the game, a dance was given.

### HELENA WINS BY A SCRATCH FROM TEAM OF MISSOULA BOYS.

In one of the hardest fought basketball games ever played between boys in Helena, the Helena high school team won from the University of Montana Friday night by the score of 14 to 12. The score was a tie at the close of the second half and it was necessary to play extra time to decide which team was winner. It was anybody's game until the last minute and as it was, Helena only won by a scratch. After two halves were played it was agreed that the team making the first two points should have the game, and Helena won. Calderhead won the game for the Helena team, for lying flat on his back with several Missoula players on top of him, he made a mighty upward throw and placed the ball in the wicket amid the greatest pandemonium.

The game was witnessed by several hundred people and while it was not the cleanest exhibition ever witnessed in Helena, it was one of the fastest.

Hargraves did the best work for Missoula. He made eight points out of the twelve scored by the visitors and Garlington made four. The teams lined up as follows:

High School—Calph, center; Sloan, left forward; Ward, right forward; Matchett and Kleinschmidt, left guard; Calderhead, right guard.

Missoula—Rankin, center; Hargraves, right forward; Garlington, left forward; Goodbourn, right guard; McPhail, left forward.—The Missoulian, March 14.

## Literary Societies

### CLARKIA LITERARY SOCIETY.

At its first meeting, the Clarkia Society elected the following officers for this semester:

President—Evelyn Polleys.  
Vice President—Mary Holland.  
Secretary—Lucia Mirrieles.  
Treasurer—Alice Glancy.  
Censor—Maud Burns.  
Critic—Jessie M. Bishop.  
Sentinel—Blanche Simpson.

### CLARKIA—MARCH 2.

Quotations from Carlyle.  
Biography of Carlyle—Alice Herr.  
Recitation—Florence Johnson.  
Emerson and Carlyle—Lucy Likes.  
Song—Anabel Ross.  
Reading from Carlyle—Alma Myers.

Miss Roxy Howell was elected secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Mirrieles.

### HAWTHRONE LITERARY SOCIETY.

At the beginning of this semester the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—J. D. Jones.  
Vice President—Chas. Schoonover.  
Treasurer—Mr. Grush.  
Secretary—M. Cockrell.  
1st Critic—Ed Williams.  
2nd Critic—C. O. Marceyes.  
Sentinel—Fred Buck.

The program for the opening meeting which will occur on April 3, is as follows:

President's address—Ed Williams  
Reading—Leslie Sheridan.  
Oration—C. O. Marceyes.  
Declamation—J. D. Jones.  
Essay—M. Cockrell.  
Music—Glee Club.

### CLARKIA ANNUAL.

The annual open meeting of the Clarkia Literary Society was held in the University Auditorium on Friday evening, March 13.

The attendance was not as large as could be desired but this was because the entertainment had not been properly announced and advertised. If it had been more generally known that the Clarkias were to hold forth that evening, many more would have been present.

The young ladies deserve credit for the success of the entertainment. Each one did their part well, and all was well received. The platform was prettily decorated, the society colors, red and white, predominating.

The program for the evening was as follows:

Music, Piano Solo—Miss Howell.  
Invocation—Rev. Salsman.  
President's Address—Evelyn Polleys.  
Recitation "The Heart of Old Hickory"—Daisy Kellogg.  
Music, Vocal Solo—Miss Ross.  
Oration, "One Idea—Its Use and Abuse"—Mary Evans.  
Vocal Solo—Miss Ruth Kellogg.  
Essay, "Beware"—Jessie Bishop.  
Recitation, "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill"—Ethel Ambrose.

Music—Song by Society.  
Benediction—Rev. Salsman.

The last selection of music on the program was a song by the members of the Clarkia society, that was composed by one of the members especially for the occasion.

We publish it herewith in full:

Let every girl student come list to our song,

Vive la Clarkia.

It's not very short and it's not very long,

Vive la Clarkia.

Tho' we have our troubles we know there are others,

Vive la Clarkia.

They're nothing at all as compared to our brothers,

Vive la Clarkia.



In times of election we're all of one voice,  
Vive la Clarkia.  
The Preps and Collegiates agree on a choice,  
Vive la Clarkia.

The Clarkia members now bid you adieu,  
Vive la Clarkia.  
Health, joy and good fortune be each with you,  
Vive la Clarkia.

Gold, silver and copper, the colors we wear,  
Vive la Clarkia.  
Joy, liberty, culture, the virtues they bear,  
Vive la Clarkia.

Now, 'Varsity, 'Varsity, hear us we pray,  
Vive la Clarkia.  
Your Clarkia daughters are coming today.  
Vive la Clarkia.

## Locals

"Well, if you won't do it, I'll do it myself."

\*\*\*

"Where was Moses when the light went out?"

\*\*\*

C. W. "Please give me a cough drop, I want to drop a cough."

\*\*\*

The last meeting of the Hawthorne society was especially interesting.

\*\*\*

Miss Deborah Wagy has succeeded Miss Robb as librarian during the noon hour.

\*\*\*

la Ulm. Messrs. Polleys, Leo, Paul and Earl Greenough, Walters, Rankin, Williams and Hughes.

\*\*\*

Roy MacPhail has surely given up coffee during Lent. He didn't dring a drop while in Bozeman.

\*\*\*

John Flynn, while skating, slipped on the ice and severely cut his head. He has our sympathies.

\*\*\*

Miss Ruth Ward who strained her knee during a beskatball practice is once more able to be about.

\*\*\*

The U. of M. is glad to welcome Miss Fay Murray, one of its most brillienat students, again to its halls.

\*\*\*

Be very careful boys about hanging Mr. Cockrell's hat to the rafters. It is not wise and might cause trouble.

\*\*\*

U. of M. students will hear with conflicting emotions that Roxy Howell and Anne Bielenberg died last week.

\*\*\*

Dr. Craig's new home is rapidly nearing completion. It will be ready for occupancy about the middle of March.

A meeting of the Christian Helpers Society was held at the home of Miss Evelyn Polleys, during the past month.

\*\*\*

The basketball girls wish to thank faculty and students for the kind message sent them after the Butte game.

\*\*\*

Miss Jessie M. Bishop was called home on account of the illness of her mother. We hope soon to have her with us once more.

\*\*\*

While in Butte the basketball girls were fortunate in meeting two of our '02 graduates, Miss Katherine Ronan and Mr. Guy Sheridan.

\*\*\*

Miss Florence Ervey and Messrs MacPhail and Houston accompanied the basketball girls on their recent trip to Butte and Bozeman.

\*\*\*

Mable Jones met with an unfortunate accident while in Butte. She fell during a practice game and severely sprained her little finger.

\*\*\*

Miss Agnes MacBride wishes to assure her friends that since going to Bozeman she is now able to make a glorious cock-roach pudding.

\*\*\*

Mable Jones and Lucia Mirrieles met some of their old friends at the Finlen. Strange to say they were not especially glad to see them.

\*\*\*

R. H. "Does L. D. stand for lemon drop?"

A. R. "I don't know whether he stands for them or not, I know he certainly stands behind them."

\*\*\*

Ethel Barnes, a former student at the U. of M., but who is now teaching at Horr, was present at the basketball game between the 'Varsity and Agricultural college.

\*\*\*

Preston Search of Clarks University, Worchester, Mass., was a visitor at convocation during the past month. Mr. Search is best known as the author of the "Ideal School."

\*\*\*

Misses Roxy Howell and Anne Bielenberg delightfully entertained a few friends at dinner the other evening. The guests were Messrs. Margaret Ronan, Evelyn Polleys, Kate Reeves and Anabel Ross.

\*\*\*

Herbert Hughes, the Rattlesnake rancher came to town the other day with a strange tale to tell. We have only Mr. Hughes' word to rely on—so perhaps it would be better not to publish his narration.

\*\*\*

The editors of the Kaimin move that a unanimous vote of thanks be tendered Profs. Aber and Hamilton for cleaning the snow off the walks leading to the University just after the recent snow storm.

\*\*\*

Miss Mirrieles, manager of the girls basketball team is trying to make arrangements for return games with



the Butte Parochial school, the Bozeman Agricultural College and the Fort Shaw Indian girls.

\* \* \*

"The snow was falling thick and fast,  
The cows were coming home,  
Old Spot got stuck in the railroad track  
And they took her to Cape Nome."

\* \* \*

Mr. Hargraves gave a very interesting lecture to the basketball girls, his subject being "The Art of Running." If proper attention is paid to his most instructive address, without doubt we will have one of the swiftest teams in the state.

\* \* \*

Martin Tucker, a student of the 'varsity as well as fruit inspector, attended the meeting of the Horticultural Society in Stevensville where he delivered an address on fruit packing which was not only interesting, but also highly instructive.

\* \* \*

A jolly crowd of 'varsity students spent a few days, during the vacation, with Mr. Arthur Franklin of the Rattlesnake. Those who enjoyed his hospitality were Messrs. Leo Greenough, Ray Walters, Hovey Polleys, Wellington Rankin, Paul and Earl Greenough.

\* \* \*

As a last gayety before Lent the Tzi-dal-tai society gave a dance at the home of Leo Greenough on Shrove Tuesday. Those present were Misses Fay Murray, Margaret Ronan, Ona Sloane, Hattie Rankin, Annie Bielenberg, Roxy Howell, Maude Burns, Agnes Hughes and Leo.

\* \* \*

Before very long a new clock will be put in place in the clock tower on the main building. The legislature appropriated \$1500 for that purpose. It will be much appreciated. It will not only be convenient, but will add to the appearance of the building.

\* \* \*

Attention should be called to the bulletin sent out during the past month by Prof. Elrod, called, "A Biological Reconnaissance in the Vicinity of Flathead Lake." The illustrations are extremely fine, being reproductions of photographs taken by the professor during his stay in that locality.

\* \* \*

Last month the Kaimin, for some reason or other, overlooked one news item that was handed in—namely, the resignation of Miss Beckwith, owing to extra work, from the Clarkia. Clarkia always regrets to lose its members and especially one who has taken such an active and lively interest as has Miss Beckwith.

\* \* \*

The legislature just closed was more liberal with us than we hoped. They appropriated more than we at first asked for. On account of their liberality, we will be able to accomplish much during the next two years. We are grateful to the members of the legislature for their interest in our behalf. Nine rahs for the Eighth Legislative Assembly.

The Kaimin is under many obligations to the Rev. C. H. Linley of Missoula for two interesting contributions. The articles are from the pen of Leonard Northcroft, Esq.,

head of the land department of the Transvaal, Johannesburg, a friend of Mr. Linley. We can assure the writer, that the Kaimin readers much appreciate his kindness in furnishing us such interesting reading.

\* \* \*

Miss Hattie Rankin was pleasantly surprised on her 16th birthday ? by a number of her friends. Those present were Misses Margaret Ronan, Roxy Howell, Anabel Ross, Kate Reeves, Maude Burns, Anne Bielenberg, Evelyn Polleys, and Roxy Howell. Messrs. Frank Wilcox, Herbert Hughes, Wellington Rankin, Ben Stewart, Ray Walters, Leo Greenough, Will Craig and Hugh Sloane.

\* \* \*

Among the number of new students who have matriculated for the second semester are Miss Carl of Virginia City; W. W. Berry, Missoula; Rose Carl, Gibbonsville, Idaho; Mordy Freeborn, Basin; Katherine Gehret, Missoula; Armum Knowlton, Fort Benton; Fred Linley, England; Fred Murphny, Missoula; Ruth Remington, Woodside; Zoe Wheeler, Fridley; Mr. Carlton, Helena; Mr. Cornman, Ft. Missoula.

\* \* \*

The community was grieved to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Hartshorn on Monday night, March 9, about midnight, from an attack of asthma. She was the mother of Mrs. M. J. Elrod, and had made her home with her daughter here in Missoula for a number of years. Simple funeral services were held over the remains by the Rev. J. W. Bennett of the Methodist Episcopal church of this city, at the residence of Professor Elrod on Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 p. m., and the same evening Professor Elrod and wife departed for the east with the remains, taking them to the family home at Corydon, Iowa, where they were to be interred in their final resting place on Sunday afternoon, March 15. Mrs. Mary Hartshorn was 75 years old. She was born in London. At an early age she came to Canada with her parents. Later she moved to New York and married. In the early days she came west and settled at Galesburg, Ill., before the advent of the railroad. Then she moved to Corydon, Ia., where her husband died and left her with five little ones. Mrs. Hartshorn worked faithfully and reared the family. Several years ago she came to Missoula to live with her daughter, the wife of Professor Morton J. Elrod. She was very fond of Missoula and thought it the prettiest spot that she had ever called home. The deceased had a large circle of friends in the Garden City, all of whom sincerely mourn her demise.

#### REASONS WHY WE DID NOT WIN THE BUTTE AND BOZEMAN GAMES.

Oh, yes—there is no doubt about it, we assuredly would have won had it not been that, most unfairly, five of their best men were put against us. Not content with doing this they had the audacity to outrun us and to interrupt our best team work, rudely grabbing the ball from our hands, and in a few moments, passing it down to their own basket and just at the time, too, when our guards were at the opposite end of the field taking a little rest.

"There is no denying the fact that they even jumped higher than we did and every time we encircled them



with our arms or knocked them down, a foul was called.

"Why we had absolutely no chance. Talk about fair play—H'm."

#### NEW BUILDINGS DEDICATED.

The new dormitory and gymnasium buildings were dedicated on February 21. It was necessary to make some changes in the program as previously arranged on account of some of those who had been assigned places not being present, but on the whole every thing passed off smoothly and successfully. Missoula showed her usual interest in the state institution located in her midst. A large number of people were present to witness the exercises and inspect the buildings. There was some disappointment because Governor Toole and members of the legislature could not be on hand, but Hon. J. M. Evans of Missoula, Vice President of the State Board of Education, ably supplied the governor's part on the program. A number of ex-members of the State Board were present, and upon being called upon made some interesting and appropriate remarks. Interspersed through the program were a number of pleasing musical selections. Mrs. Whitaker played a violin solo, Miss Kellogg and Mr. Moran rendered vocal solos, and George Greenwood favored us with a piano selection.

#### YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

On March 10th, a Y. W. C. A. was organized by the young ladies of the University. The organization was effected through the presence of Miss L. L. Shields, who is the official organizer of the Young Woman's Christian Association through the Northwest. A large number of young ladies have already joined and the organization promises to be a band of enthusiastic active members.

Their constitution was adopted and the following officers elected and installed:

President—Miss Avery May.

Vice President—Miss Evelyn Poheys.

Treasurer—Miss Blanche Simpson.

Secretary—Miss Daisy Kellogg.

The several committees, with their chairmen are:

Prayer Meeting—Miss Ona Sloane.

Bible Study—Miss Alice Herr.

Missionary—Miss Rella Likes.

Social—Miss Sadie Beckwith.

A special convocation was called at the fourth hour for the purpose of giving Miss Shields an opportunity of addressing the assembly on the magnitude and importance of the Y. W. C. A. in colleges and universities, and advantages to be gained, both socially and spiritually, from such an organization.

At the close of her remarks a meeting of the young ladies was held when the above outlined organization was perfected.

This is the first time an attempt has been made to organize such a society in this institution. There ought to be enough interested in such work to insure its success from the start and we believe there are. May much good be accomplished as a result of this organization is our wish.

#### MANY WERE THERE.

##### Recital by Students of University Music Department.

The recital given by the students of the music department of the University of Montana Wednesday evening, March 11, was a very successful affair. The performers without exception acquitted themselves with credit and gave evidence of the careful instruction that is given them. A great deal of the success must be attributed to Mrs. Whitaker, who has charge of the music department, for the conscientious attention which she has given to each student.

The selections comprising the program had been well chosen and they were of such a class that could easily be understood by the audience. Each number was liberally applauded. The program was divided into two parts, each including vocal as well as instrumental selections. Any city might be proud of such an array of amateurs as appeared at this entertainment.

The following program was rendered:

##### PART I.

Behr, Festival March—Evaro Avery, Edith Stiff and Bernice Berry.

Hunsky, Cradle Song—Daisy Kellogg.

Gurlitt, "Beatrice"—Blanche Ingalls.

Pinsuti, Conquered—Mr. Leslie Sheridan.

Starenhagen, Pastorale—Bernice Berry.

Von Wilm, Spinning Song—Bessie Stoddard.

Wilson Smith, March Fantastique—Clarissa Spencer.

Wilson Smith, Berceuse—Ethel Orvis.

Villiers Stanford, "On Bendemeers Stream"—Miss Kellogg.

Nevin, "Shepherd's All"—Grace Corbin.

a Bendel, "Mozart;" b Brahms, Hungarian Dance—Miss Hathaway and Mrs. Whitaker.

Tosti, "Ninon"—Mr. Eugene Moran.

##### PART II.

Jensen, a Galatea; b Kypriss.

Brahms, a Berceuse; b Second Intermezzo; c Edward—Mr. Geo. Greenwood.

Schumann, Allegro from Fassenschwank; Vogel als Prohpet; Finale from Fassenschwank.

#### LAY FOUNDATION FOR WAR COLLEGE.

Washington, Feb. 21.—In the presence of an assemblage of distinguished people, including the president of the United States, members of the cabinet and government officials, justices of the supreme court, representatives of foreign powers, and others eminent in the life of the nation, the corner stone of the army war college was laid here today with impressive military and Masonic ceremonies.

The occasion was rendered notable and interesting by addresses delivered by President Roosevelt, Secretary of War Root and Major General B. M. Young, president of the war college.

The site selected for the new building is on the reservation of the Washington barracks at the foot of Four and One-half street. Today's ceremonies marked the beginning of a project which has been fostered by the president, Secretary Root and others interested in the advancement



and thorough training of the United States army. While the foundation of the new structure, which is to be practically unique, has been only just begun, the plans contemplated by the war department and by congress include the construction of an entirely new set of buildings on the arsenal grounds. Among other structures there will be a hospital, barracks, officers' quarters, and an administration building all to be handsome and of the most approved architectural design. The army war college grounds have been selected as the site of the statue of Frederick the Great, which Emperor William has proposed to present to the people of the United States.

## Exchanges

Wake up Juniors! It's about time to organize the class.

There are 14,551 students enrolled in the law schools of this country.—Ex.

The United States has today 629 universities and colleges and 43 schools of technology.—Ex.

Teacher in Art Department—"What is mosaic?"

Pupil—"A form of art invented by Moses."

Funniness—"You say the evening wore on? What did it wear?"

Smart—"Why, the close of the day, of course.—Ex.

It may be of interest to know that the Indian word Kaimin, "meaning to write" is also a Japanese word, which means "civilized nations."

"Mamma, let me have the turkey wish-bone."

"Why, dear?"

"I want to wish for some more turkey."—Ex.

In Chicago University this year three students are registered by the name of Burst. They are George Wood Burst, Anna May Burst, and Henry Will Burst.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother spanking her boy?

"Tis a hiding of the son.

Uncle (trotting Harry on his knee): Do you like this, my boy?

Harry: Pretty well; but I rode on a real donkey the other day at the Zoo.—Lampoon.

She sat in his lap in a cable car  
And her language I won't repeat,  
She blushed and arose, and he said:  
"Beg pardon; pray, do keep your seat."

—Exchange.

Did you ever think of it? It took a woman simply to tempt Adam while a devil was necessary to tempt Eve.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,  
Despite his love and kisses,  
For while he always hits the mark,  
He's always making Mrs.—Ex.

Mistress (to servant): Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?

Servant: Yes, mum.

Mistress: What did they say?

Servant: "How fortinit."—Exchange.

## A PICTURE.

How still it lies, oblivious of the fields  
And barren hill-sides near, a spot serene  
And mellow in the early light, where trees  
Hang low in clusters till they seem to meet  
The shimmering grasses as they mingle soft.  
A warm, sweet richness fills the air, and sound  
Of hidden waters murmuring low;—a melody  
That breathes of color, sweet and perfect rest!  
—Unit.

## THIS AUTUMN MOOD.

No blight of grief the summer knows,  
No scent of rue the South wind brings;  
Sweetly serene unclasps the rose.  
The Robin spreads his wings.

But sadly Autumn binds her sheaves,  
While Southward-bound the songsters go;  
Tell mutely now the drifting leaves  
Of winter's chill and snow.—Inlander.

## PRESENT DAY MANNA.

As the little ball goes pop-  
Ping  
Pong  
It keeps you busy hop-  
Ping  
Pong  
To stop the sphere from drop-  
Ping  
Pong  
Out of sight.  
You have not time for nap-  
Ping  
Pong  
But must keep right on rap-  
Ping  
Pong  
The ball as it goes flap-  
Ping  
Pong  
Left and right.



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